

Good Morning 673

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Learn to Earn is Golden Rule



Date for C.P.O. Len Smith

YOU'VE got a date, C.P.O. E.R.A. Leonard Smith. A date for dinner and dance at the Grosvenor Hotel, Manchester, with your wife.

Terry told us about it when we went to take this picture of her during working hours. One of the most difficult pictures to obtain for many a month.

It seems that Terry has an aversion to being photographed except when wear-

ing her best clothes, but we persevered, and here you are!

She tells us also that your folk at Smethwick keep in touch with her by letter, and that Winnie Sweetman is still her companion during a few evenings out at shows.

But the best evening out is the one we mentioned. "May it be soon," she says.

MAYBE you will walk back into your old job and carry on as if nothing had happened. But more probably you will want a better job than the one you left, and for that you will want more knowledge.

Here is how you can get it.

The Vocational Training Scheme administered by the Ministry of Labour and National Service has been set up to meet this need in the case of the skilled manual occupations and of the "black-coated" types of work. This scheme is for jobs of not so advanced a character as that covered by the Further Education and Training Scheme, which I will describe later.

The scheme is open to you (a) if your full-time war service has prevented you from starting or completing training for a skilled occupation, or (b) if it has prevented you from continuing to follow your occupation and you need a course of training to enable you to obtain a job in keeping with your general capacity. If you are disabled, the test is simply whether you need training in order to obtain such a job.

The Vocational Training Scheme is designed to equip you with the kind of knowledge and skill you need to get going again in civilian life. Its actual details are being worked out with the employers and trade unions in the particular industries covered.

The numbers accepted for training will be carefully related to the opportunities of employment (so far as can be foreseen) in the various occupations in which training is given, so that jobs should be available after training for all those who take advantage of the scheme.

The Government, as well as the employers and trade unions, are trying to ensure that those who take advantage of it will, on completion of training, have a proper status in the particular industry in the same way as

"CIVVY STREET GUIDE" Ron Richards outlines the schemes to train for a better job in civilian life

those who have entered by the usual peace-time channels, such as apprenticeship.

The trades for which you can be trained will vary from time to time in accordance with the vacancies in the various occupations. The range will, however, be very extensive indeed.

The training is given at Government Training Centres, Technical Colleges, and specially selected employers' works, under general conditions as nearly as possible resembling those in which you would work at the trade afterwards. The length of the training course varies with the occupation in which training is given.

If you are a little slow in getting going, it will be extended slightly for your benefit; and if you are disabled, the training hours each day will be adjusted, if necessary, for your disability. There are progress checks at intervals, and a passing-out test at the end to make sure you have reached the standard required.

If you find training in one trade is not suited to you, the Ministry of Labour and National Service will try to find a training trade for which you are suitable.

The training throughout is given by experts in the particular industry who know their job.

The training is provided free of charge, and in addition you are paid allowances to live on during training. These allowances are increased if you have dependants. If you have to go away from home for training, the Ministry of Labour and National Service will help you to find lodgings.

If you have not already a job in mind to go to when you finish your training, the Ministry of Labour and National Service will help you. They will, as far as possible, find you a job in the area where you would prefer to work, but, of course, they cannot guarantee this. They will see that the job is one that is worth having and that it makes good use of the training you have been given.

If for any reason you lose the particular job in which you have just been placed, they will do their best to find you another. The job will in any case carry a proper rate of wages; there will be no question of men or women trained under the scheme being used as cheap labour.

Once you are settled in the particular job for which you have been trained, it will be for you to make your own way.

On your release from the Forces, you can apply for training at any local office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service.

The training scheme will run on until demobilisation is completed. There is no possibility of those who are out last missing the opportunity of being trained. While some civilians who have been working in jobs of national importance during the war will be trained under the scheme, men and women released from the Armed Forces will have preference.

If you are interested in this

training scheme you should ask your Commanding Officer for a copy of the leaflet, "The Government's Vocational Training Scheme," which is now available.

In addition to the information which will be available through Service channels from time to time, on your release any Resettlement Advice Office or any local office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service will be glad to give you full information and details of the trades in which you can be trained and the places where training is given.

Another part of the scheme deals with professional careers. It is called Further Education and Training. If you want to resume or start training for a professional career, you can obtain advice and information at an Appointments Office.

USELESS EUSTACE



"Well, good night. 'Ere's 'op'ing to get a snap of my dream-girl for my pin-up collection!"

If you have not yet made up your mind about your future career, you will find on your return to civilian life that the Ministry of Labour and National Service has set up an Advisory Careers Section at each of their Appointments Offices.

These offices will be able to give you full information about each profession, the educational standards required, the training necessary, and the approximate cost. They will also be able to give you some indication of the opportunities for employment after training.

If you had started on a career before joining the Forces, but you now feel that you cannot go back to it, the officers at the Appointments Office will be glad to discuss with you training for alternative careers which may be more suitable to your qualifications.

The examinations, which will lead to full qualifications for various professions, may be varied from time to time, and special concessions may be made for ex-Service men and women.

It is advisable, therefore, to get into touch at an early stage with the society which deals with the particular profession which you have chosen. This also can be ar-

anged for you through the Appointments Office.

If, before being released, you want to select the career you are going to follow on release, you can obtain the information about possible careers by asking your Commanding Officer for the Handbook entitled "Careers for Men and Women." In this, you will find a summary of the most important careers, giving brief particulars of the training required and opportunities for employment after obtaining professional qualifications.

When you have considered this list and feel that you would like to obtain fuller information about any one career, you should ask your Commanding Officer for the appropriate pamphlet, the number of which will be found in the index in the handbook.

If you cannot undertake the training required for the career of your choice without financial assistance, you can make application under the Further Education and Training Scheme, which is described below.

You can apply for an award under this scheme if—

you were unable to start training before joining the Forces; or

your training for your career was interrupted by joining the Forces; or

you are unable to follow your previous career as a result of your war service and require training to fit you for a new one; or

the course you were taking before joining the Forces was designed to equip you for war service and would not be of help in the career which you wish to follow; or

you have been trained for a career but are in need of a refresher course.

Previous attendance at a secondary school or its equivalent, although normally desirable, is not essential.

The test will be whether an applicant is capable of taking full advantage of the course.

Any grant made under the scheme will vary according to your obligations and financial resources, and will be in two forms, (a) the payment of the cost of training and incidentals, and (b) a maintenance allowance during training.

The scheme will remain in operation so long as demobilisation is in process. Whether you are released early or late, you can, if eligible, ask for assistance under the scheme.

Further details as to the Further Education and Training Scheme are set out in the leaflet P.L. 120, which can also be obtained from your Commanding Officer or at a Resettlement Advice Office or local office of the Ministry of Labour and National Service.

And now we have dealt with the initial change-over problems that will confront all of you, I will start to deal with each industry. From next week I will try to give you the low-down and inside tips on every kind of job. I will start with the motor trade.

Sweet and Serious, A.B. Jimmy Bramhall

WE saw your wife, six-year-old daughter Patty, and your sister-in-law, A.B. Jimmy Bramhall, when it was washing day at 12 Standish Road, Shirecliffe Estate, Sheffield.

Patty had been crying—as little girls often do—but the camera did the trick, and here she is, Daddy, with the tears completely banished!

Your wife and sister-in-law were so surprised and thrilled about the whole thing, Jimmy, that they were really tongue-tied—is it hard to imagine? You will notice how serious they look on the pictures, but it is only a form of camera-shyness.

We tried our hardest to get a smile out of them, just one wee little grin, but we didn't quite manage it!

Anyway, Jim, we chatted

for a little while, and all the family asked us to tell you that they are all very well and happy, and there is no cause for you to worry about them at all. They send you their love, and are looking forward to your next meeting.

Short but sweet, you see, A.B. Bramhall. And here's wishing you all the best.



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Half-pirate Captain Hindhaugh was a two-fisted, gun-carrying skipper in the bad old days when the natives of Gibraltar were (maybe libellously) nicknamed "scorpions." Nobody knows who wrote this story of tobacco smuggling, so we say it was by "Anonymous"

THE ROCK SCORPIONS

THE screw steamer "Jenny Jones" was lying alongside a coal-hulk at Gibraltar one October afternoon. By three o'clock her bunkers were nearly filled, and the captain was getting ready to cast off when one of the natives came aboard.

Captain Hindhaugh looked about for something to throw at the visitor, and only the difficulty of selecting an efficient missile from a large and varied assortment prevented him from letting fly at once.

The Scorpion said, "Ah, no, no, capetan! No been throw nothin' at myself. Beesiness! I've been com' for beesiness. Big thing, capetan!"

The last phrase was spoken with such a profound wink that Hindhaugh held his hand and addressing the man as one would an ill-conditioned dog, said, "Don't keep bowing and scraping there, you rascal! Get it out, sharp!"

The Scorpion whispered, "No been talk up here. Keep ship one hour, two hour, three hour. You've been com' with me, and I speak you somethin' myself."

Like many of his tribe, this interesting native spoke a kind of English which is not heard anywhere else on the Mediterranean shore.

Hindhaugh invited the man below, and asked him to explain himself. The fellow leaned over the table and chattered on, throwing quick side-glances at every few words.

"This been big thing, Capetan. You get away a little;

drop your anchor a little. Then three felucca com alongside, and you've been hoist bales. Then you've go where agent say you. Very big thing. Five thousand sovereign."

"What is it Tobacco?" "That been it."

"Where for?" "Huelva."

"I'm not going out of Portuguese waters at no price."

"Ah, no, no, Cheesu, Capetan—no! Five mile. We have felucca there ready. I've been see him myself."

"What's the figure? Where's the money?" "You com' shore and see agent with myself."

Hindhaugh put a revolver in his pocket and went on deck; the Scorpion got ashore, and hung about with an air of innocence.

The captain was about to follow when the man in charge of the hulk called out, "Do you intend to keep bumping us like this all night? Why don't you cast off? You're knocking us all to flinders."

Hindhaugh beckoned. "Look here, my good chap, it won't matter to you for a couple of hours. Let us lie till dusk, and then I'll get away. I've got important business ashore."

"That's very well, Captain. But look here; if there's anything on, I'm in it. You understand—I'm in it."

"You understand that, do you? Well then, I'll tell you to keep your mouth shut just now, or never another ton of coal will you put a board of us

as long as I run here."

"All right, Captain. No need to be nasty. You'll do the square thing, I bet."

Then Hindhaugh went ashore, and the Scorpion walked on ahead, gazing on architectural beauties with easy interest. Presently the two men came to a narrow stairway, and the Englishman gripped his revolver.

A dark-eyed Spaniard was waiting on a landing, and held up two fingers when the guide passed. The Scorpion knocked at a greasy door, and an ugly fellow, with a cowl on, looked out and nodded.

Hindhaugh stepped into a room that reeked with garlic and decay. Two men sat in the steamy dusk at the far side.

An oily gentleman rose and bowed. "I'm the interpreter, Captain. You and this merchant must do your business through me. What'll you take to drink?"

"Get through your business, mister. I'm not wanting any drink."

In brief, jerky sentences the interpreter explained what was wanted.

"You steam slowly till you're near the Fleet. Then put all your men on and get the stuff up. This man goes with you, and he'll tell you where to go. Lie five miles off Huelva."

"I shan't go except to Portuguese waters."

"Good. Then the lighters will come and the men will discharge you."

"And now," said the captain, "what about me? How much?" "One hundred and twenty pounds."

"Can't be done. Make it two hundred and fifty."

After some haggling, a bargain was made for two hundred and twenty.

Then Hindhaugh went further: "I want one hundred and ten down before we start, and the balance before you take an ounce of tobacco out of us."

This was settled; the merchant bowed, and the skipper went away, still keeping his hand on the revolver.

Every cranny in the walls seemed fit to hide a murderer—made for nothing else; and Hindhaugh thought what a fool he must have been to venture under that foul arch.

On getting aboard, the captain sent for his brother, who sailed as mate with him. He said, "Now, Jack, I'm going to run some risk. You take this pistol, and get her oiled and put right. When you see three feluccas coming alongside, get all the chaps on deck—the 'Dora's' crew as well as ours."

(Hindhaugh was taking home a shipwrecked crew, and he was very grateful just then for that accession of force.) "Whack on everything you know, and get the bales up sharp. Tell the engineers to stand by for driving her, and leave the rest to me. If we're nailed we'll be detained, and I don't know what may happen; so you'll have to look slippy."

Jack replied, "All right, sir!" The shadows fell low, and the Quarter-deck manners were crown of the Rock grew dim. Punctiliously observed by one The creeping wind stole over of the brothers.

(Continued on Page 3)



"Goodness knows how she got that posh car."
"H'm! I'll bet goodness had nothing to do with it!"

The Things People Do

"THE MAJOR" will no longer be seen, monocular in eye, foot-slogging his beat along the streets of North London. And all the little boys and girls are sad.

It was in September, 1939, that Percival Ingram Denyer, of Quernmore Road, Stroud Green, answered Mr. Chamberlain's radio appeal for auxiliary policemen. He was enrolled as a War Reserve bobby, and for the past five years has done his bit, in and out of blitz-time, along the streets that he loved.

The glass window he always carried in his left eye gave the kids a bit of fun when he first appeared, but it was not long before they got to know what a good pal he was.

One of the most bitter things to P.C. Denyer about his retirement, owing to bad health, at the age of 63, is that he will no longer be able to see them so often.

The kids nearly lost him about four years ago. A bomb landed within twelve feet of him. But it didn't go off.

THE Mayor of Barnes, Coun. E. S. Stevens, doesn't mind what he does to help seamen. But he gave the top-hats a shock when he played organ-grinder in the streets of the borough to give "Sailors' Week" a send-off.

MRS. ANN SMITH knows a good glass of ale. She ought to. For over fifty years she has drawn beer at the fifteenth-century "Cat Inn" at West Hoathly, Sussex—a fine old pub, in one of the loveliest parts of the county.

Marlene Dietrich walked into the inn a few years ago and called for a drink.

Mrs. Smith thought this called for a special concoction, and, taking her hands off the beer-engine, went to see what she could find in the cellar.

She found some liquor that had lain there since before the family took over the place, and, hoping for the best, used it for a cocktail.

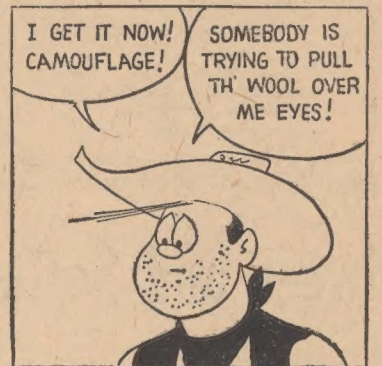
It was so good that Marlene talked about the "Cat Cocktail" to all her friends, and American film stars coming to Britain felt they hadn't got the most out of the trip until they had been to the "Cat" to taste that spur-of-the-moment high-kick.

Bad luck, chaps. The old liquor has run dry. But they say that "Cat Cocktail II" is pretty good.

Mrs. Smith is still at the bar, though she's eighty-three.

D.N.K.B.

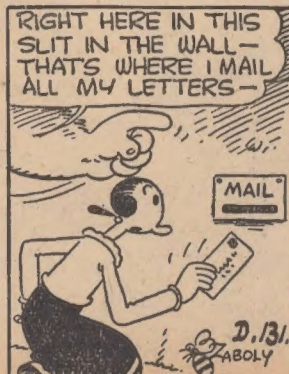
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



Wangling Words No. 612

- 1. Behead inflexible and get a quarrel.
- 2. Insert the same letter eight times and make a sentence of: theounilausedtheourt-ofanelingharges.
- 3. What two common words have RMIN for their exact middles?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: After each meal he always has some crumbs of — in his —.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 611

- 1. F-light.
- 2. Tom thinks that another little tot won't hurt them.
- 3. ComPLICAtion.
- 4. Search, arches.

JANE

THE ROCK SCORPIONS

(Continued from Page 2)

the Pearl Rock, and set the sinister ripples dancing; the bugles sang mysteriously through the gloom, and the mystery of the night was in the air.

The "Jenny Jones" stole quietly toward the broad sheet of water where the vessels of the Fleet heaved up their shadowy bulk above the lapping flood. All the English sailors were stripped to the shirt, and a low hum of excited talk came from amidships.

Suddenly the raking yard of a felucca started out from amid the haze; then came another, and another. A sailor slipped a cork fender over the side, and there was a muffled bump and a slight scrape.

Jack, the mate, whispered, "Now, you cripples!" and a brief scene of wild hurry and violent labour ensued. Bale after bale was whisked aboard; the Englishmen worked as only Scorpions excelled themselves under the influence of fear and black wine.

When the last bale was up, Hindhaugh said to the man who first boarded him, "Who's got the money?"

"Me. Capetan. All right. Honest man myself. You've been have every dollar."

"Well, then, it's neck or nothing. We have half an hour to clear out into the Gut. Come below and shell out."

The Scorpion counted out one hundred pounds in gold, and then asked, "That be enough? Other money all right other end."

"Deuce a bit! Down with the other ten or I sliver you."

The Scorpion did not know what "silver" meant, but the gleam of the skipper's cold eye was enough for him.

He paid up and went on deck.

Hindhaugh had just said to the engineer, "Now, rive the soul out of her," when a low, panting sound was heard and a white shape appeared gliding over the water. The captain had let the feluccas go, and the "Jenny Jones" was moving. He waved for the mate. "It's all up. Here's a mess. You must go home overland; suppose you swim ashore. Steady the men down."

A launch drew right across the bows of the steamer, and then the throbbing of the little engines ceased. Again the whistle sounded; the launch gave a bound forward; then she struck away into the darkness, and Hindhaugh drew a long breath.

In an instant every possible ounce of steam was put on, and the "Jenny Jones" went away at eleven knots towards the

Gut. All night long the firemen were kept hard at it, and before morning the Rock was far astern of the driving steam-boat.

Three of the Scorpions had stayed aboard, and Captain Hindhaugh noticed that they carried their knives. He noticed, too, that the cringing manner which the fellows had shown before the Rock was cleared had given place to a sort of subdued swagger.

About noon the engines were slowed down almost to nothing and the "Jenny Jones" crept gently on toward the shore. (To be continued)

QUIZ for today

- 1. A Xebec is a bird, animal, sailing vessel, Chinese puzzle?
- 2. What is the Board of Trade Commercial Unit of electricity?
- 3. In what country is the tael a coin?
- 4. Which is heavier, iron or steel?
- 5. Benvenuto Cellini was a

violin-maker, sculptor, painter, composer?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Amazon, Ganges, Euphrates, Limpopo, Chimborazo.

Answers to Quiz in No. 672

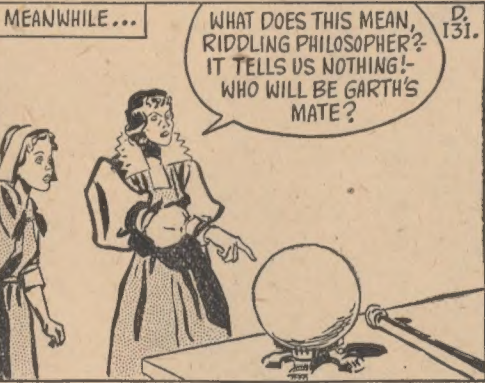
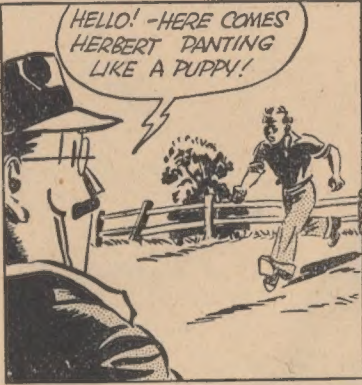
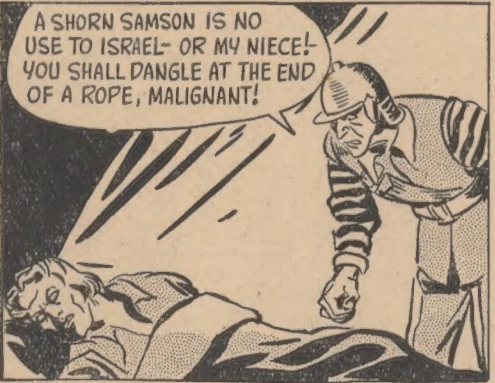
- 1. Fish.
- 2. Austria.
- 3. Brass.
- 4. 14.7 lb. per sq. inch.
- 5. Green woodpecker.
- 6. Drachm belongs to apothecary's weight; others are avoirdupois.



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



So the intrepid egg-hunters silently separate to execute a profound pincer movement—when Eric hears a spot of nature...



Jack Greenall Says: Ain't Nature Wonderful!



THE TURTLE.

THE Turtle is plentiful in liquid form at Lord Mayors' banquets, and in the solid in the Antilles, wherever they are.

When turned on his back he's helpless. We've heard of other cases. Their faces are best taken for granted, nothing can be done about it now.

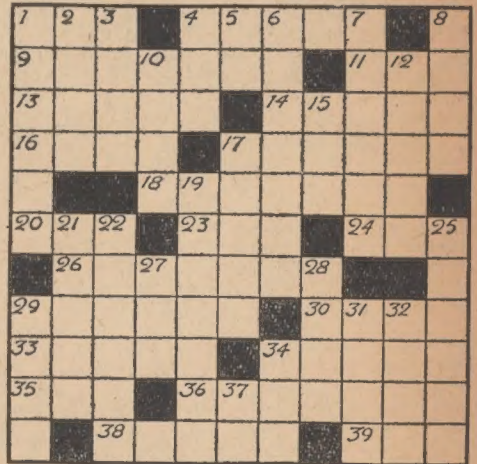
It is while the female is shoving her eggs in the sand she is usually caught. How the males are collared nobody seems to know. Female Turtles haven't rumbled this dirty trick yet, but when they do rumble it, mark my words, turtle soup will be at a premium.

The neck and legs of the Turtle can be yanked within the shell, and then the Turtle feels safe. The Turtle likes lettuce and milk; no chump in this direction, you see. He breeds rather prolifically.

Slow in some things, maybe, but he gets there.

CROSS-WORD CORNER

POSH BRASSY
OBLIGE DOTE
ROUTE COBRA
KEN CO EAR
E GREENERY
RA ORATE SM
UNEASILY E
PRO TEN ODO
LOIRE USUAL
URSA BEETLE
MAYFLY WHEY



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Promise, 4 Short County, 9 Mean, 11 Essay, 13 Law, 14 Capital, 16 Voice, 17 Convincing, 18 Vegetables, 20 Extremity, 23 Allow, 24 Meshed fabric, 26 Most admirable, 29 Random, 30 Giant, 33 Entrance, 34 Dark, 35 Shelter, 36 Try to equal, 38 Red 39 Boy.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Empty, 2 Ellipse, 3 Proceeded, 4 Prohibit, 5 For instance, 6 Accounts, 7 Scattered, 8 Sweeling, 10 Space, 12 Wash, 15 Past, 17 Fish-basket, 19 Assuaged, 21 Silly, 22 Pacard, 25 Swarmed, 27 Seed-vessel, 28 Barrier charge, 29 Battery unit, 31 Objective, 32 Duty list, 34 Ridicule, 37 Doctor's initials.

Good
Morning



HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR PIN-UPS? (lying down or standing up?). Look carefully at this picture of Cecilia Parker. Now rub your eyes and look again. Yes, you're quite right, the young lady is lying down. Putting her in the paper this way round was just a whim of our Art Bloke. Silly, we call it.